

# The Bloomfield Gazette.

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FORTNIGHTLY.

FIVE CENTS.

## TO A PETRIFIED SKULL.

Six, ancient relic, who and whence art thou?  
Where didst thou live? Tell thy mysterious  
name?

Why Chemist nature here preserves thee now—  
Thus to perpetuate thy deathlike fame?

Didst thou arm thee with an iron spear  
And brandish shield, here to pursue thy foe?  
Or did the organ charm thy ravished ear,  
Which Jubal tuned six thousand years ago?

Didst thou survive when David's harp was  
strung?  
When Israel glowed with heavenly fire?  
Or didst thou live when Melchisedec sung,  
Or the sweet lute of Mantua tuned his lyre?

Say, did Demosthenes like torrents pour  
His bold phrases on thy astonished ear?  
Or Cicero, with sweet and magic power,  
Thy thro' sweet soul and start the unconscious  
tear?

Or didst thou dwell in this dear favored spot,  
Where thou wert found, which Liberty reveres?  
Ah, yes! and where a thousand are forgot  
Who bought that liberty with blood and tears?

Did pure religion's holy flame inspire  
The heart that with its life-blood fired thine  
eye?  
Hadst thou a Newton's lore? A Milton's fire?  
Or didst thou in deep savage ignorance die?

Perchance the forest thou didst wildly roam,  
Pursued thy game with arrow and with spear;  
At eve reclined where fortune found a home,  
In calmness slept, nor dreamed of danger near.

Thou didst perchance a hapless wanderer die,  
No home, no friend to soothe thy last sad hour,  
To watch thy lingering breath—to close thine eye,  
To make thy grave, or weep the tyrant's power.

But now the iron slumbers of the dead,  
Have locked the channels where thy blood has  
flowed,  
A power efface as Medusa's head,  
Has changed thy lifeless form to senseless  
stone.

Thy spirit from its mansion long has fled,  
None may pursue its dark and dubious way,  
But still at eve, perchance with airy tread,  
It revisits its cold slumbering day.

But why interrogate, when all is vain?  
Go, grace some cabinet till heaven shall call;  
Thy slumbering dust shall then revive again,  
And join the spirit thou didst once enchain  
Bloomfield, Nov. 10, 1872. EVELSON.

## SEA SCENES,

FROM

### OLD MAN OF WAR'S JOHN.

[We commence below a series of interesting  
sketches, substantially true, written over thirty  
years ago, and printed in 1841 in *The Classic*, or  
*College Monthly*—a bi-monthly magazine, issued  
at that time in another state by the students in  
our alma mater. As that periodical had a brief  
existence and a small circulation, it is thought  
the selections we may now and then make from  
it will possess the interest and freshness of original  
communications.—EOL.]

## SCENE I.

### THE RESCUE.

I come with mightier things;  
Who calls me silent? I have many tones—  
The dark sky thrills with her mysterious moans,  
Borne on the sweeping winds.—MRS. HEMANS.

OLD JOHN was a worthy relic of that  
class of seamen, which, we fear, are becoming  
too nearly extinct—the sailors of our  
revolution; men who carried the Bible in  
their pockets and the spirit of a Christian in  
their hearts—who could pray upon the  
eve of battle and fight none the less val-  
iantly; and when the conflict had passed  
and victory been won, would share their  
own meals with, and yield their own cot  
to, the wounded enemy. An infinite fund  
of anecdote and nautical adventure had  
the old tar, with an inveterate penchant for  
yam telling; and often, when a lad, have  
we played the truant, when we should have  
been conning our school lessons, or stolen  
quietly from the pleasant hearth circle,  
and scamped over the heads to old John's  
cottage—and there passed the long Win-  
ter's evening in listening to his stories of  
the sailor's life. They had in them, to our  
youthful fancy, all that was beautiful  
and romantic; and we remember them well.

"A sterling fellow was young Stafford"  
—he commenced one evening, as we took  
our station, as usual, on a low stool at his  
knee—"A sterling fellow; yet a sad and  
lonely man, who had known some deep  
sorrow that was eating his life away. We  
loved that officer (he was a Second Lieu-  
tenant), and there was not a tar on ship-  
board but would have split his dearest life  
blood to have saved him from the merest  
ill. He was a constant dayman between us  
and the authorities of the ship; often have  
I seen him approach our commander,  
half in hand, as some poor delinquent stood  
trembling at the gangway, beneath the  
sterned lash; and pray his release; and  
ever would he return, with that quiet  
smile, and—"Well, Jack, I have given my  
pledge for you, so remember—remember  
Jack! Jack could remember; the man of  
our company who had dared to have for-  
fettered the pledge of Charles Stafford, when  
given for his good conduct, we would have  
thrown overboard. We loved that young  
officer, as well we might; and I must give  
you the story of his rescue."

"We were running down the Bay of  
Biscay, and the breeze which had blown  
smothering during the day from the N. N. E.  
had freshened into a gale. It was a boister-  
ous night, and the devil's smile was on

the ocean. You may not know what that  
means, my boy; I will tell you. When the  
wind is very high, or veers suddenly from  
one point of the compass to another, it  
will catch up the crests of foam from the  
waves, and, whirling them over the sea,  
give its surface the appearance of a boiling  
cauldron. When the sailors see this, they  
know there is mischief in the storm, and  
they call it the devil's smile. Our ship  
labored convulsively as she was lying to  
beneath little more than a span of canvas,  
and it became evident she would soon have  
to be put before the gale, though three  
hours sounding would lay her on the rocks  
of Cape Finisterre.

"It was the third night watch, and Star-  
ford was the officer of the deck. He had  
looked pale and sickly, during the day, and  
I had often heard the Commander entreat  
him to leave his station and put himself  
under the surgeon's hands; but his answer  
was ever, 'I shall be better here, sir—I  
shall be better here.' It was fearful to see  
him that night, when the flashes of light-  
ning would at times play over his wan  
countenance, as he stood clasping the weath-  
er-rigging, peering to the windward with  
his night-glass, or watching the laboring  
spars aloft, and giving his commands in his  
usual quiet manner, and with a voice scarce  
stronger than a woman's. Yet that voice  
was ever heard; never was the shout of the  
tempest so strong, or the confusion of a  
sudden alarm so great, but we could hear  
the commands of Charles Stafford. But  
there were officers on board that ship  
whose trumpets might out-bellow the tem-  
pest itself, yet were we slow to hear them;  
so much do kindnesses quicken the ear of  
the sailor, my lad. It is the heart often,  
and not the ear, that heareth.

"He had stood long, watching the slug-  
gish motion of the ship as she fell heavily  
into the trough of the sea and rose again  
slowly and trembling to its surface, when  
his commands were heard to prepare for  
putting her before the wind. It is a critical  
and often a dangerous movement to be  
effected in boisterous weather, and the  
sailors were instantly at their posts, with  
eyes intently fixed on their officer, and  
quietly waiting his commands. Our Lieu-  
tenant knew well his time; and, as there  
came a moment's lull in the gale, his orders  
were given to haul down the mizen-spencer,  
and to put the helm hard up. The ship  
fell off slowly till her broadside was  
exposed to the waves, snail bodily into the  
enormous trough, rose again upon the next  
surge—rolled her spars heavily to wind-  
ward, yet continuing to obey her helm, till  
the wind and waves at last struck her abeam,  
and she was speeding on before the gale.

"Nobly done!" was scarcely from the  
mouth of our officer, with the accompany-  
ing command of "Haul in your fore-braces,"  
my boys, when a huge billow came rolling  
under her counter, curled over her taffrail,  
and came down upon the deck with the  
dull sound of the clod upon the coffin-lid.  
When the ship rose and shook herself from  
her load of water, the deck was swept of  
every movable object, and the sailors were  
clinging to whatever, at the moment of  
danger, they had clung to. Every eye was  
instantly turned to where the Lieutenant  
had stood, but he was not there. At that  
moment we heard his cry for help, as he  
floated past the stern of the ship. "He is  
overboard!" was instantly upon every  
tongue. "Stafford is overboard!" But  
scarcely had it been hushed in the yell of  
the tempest, when the sailor at the wheel,  
an athletic and noble-hearted fellow,  
grasping a life-buoy at his side, sprang  
into the sea. "Pay away!" shouted the  
Commander, who at this moment appeared  
at the gangway and took in the whole  
aspect of affairs at a glance. "Pay away  
at the line of the life-buoy!" "Bring the  
ship again into the wind!" Ease off your  
fore-braces! Up with the mizen-spencer!  
Hard down!—so—steady—steady, my  
lads!" The ship came round again with  
her broadside to the wind, and there hung,  
shipping tons of water at every roll, while  
all, unmindful of her dangerous position,  
were intent only upon the rescue of their  
comrades. But what should be done?  
Had the tar been able to retain the life-  
buoy? had he found the Lieutenant? were  
they waiting to be drawn on board? were  
questions that none could answer. At last  
the captain, who, dripping with spray, with  
his head bare, and his few white locks  
streaming in the wind, had mounted into  
the mizen rigging to command a wider  
prospect, shouted, as a flash of lightning  
illuminated the sea around, "I see them! he  
has him! pull on board, my boys—pull on  
board!" Slowly we drew in upon the life-  
buoy. We could feel their struggles to  
retain it at every pull. Slowly we drew  
them in, till another flash made objects  
visible far off upon the sea, and the stentor-  
ian voice of our Commander was again  
heard, even above the creaking of the  
cordage and the yelling of the storm, "Stafford  
has lost his hold! yet hauling! pay out—pay out!" Again went out the  
line till it hung loose upon the waves. The  
Captain stood leaning from the broad-  
side, with his eyes strained off upon the sea,  
and waiting another flash of the tempest. It  
came. "I see them!" he shouted. "He  
has him! to your line—steadily." Again  
we drew slowly in upon the buoy, watching  
the unsteady motions of the vessel that  
it should not be matched from their grasp,  
till they were within a few fathoms of the

ship and could be seen as they lay strug-  
gling in the surf. The officer was ex-  
hausted; his head rested on the sailor's  
shoulder, who, with one hand thrown  
around his body and the other clasped in  
the meshes of the buoy, clung for life. It  
was a critical moment. How were they to  
be drawn on board? The greatest care  
was necessary or the sailor would lose his  
hold. Men were placed in the mizen  
chains to catch them as they should be  
thrown up to the ship by the waves. Once  
—twice, were they borne within a fathom  
of her side, and again fell back into the  
abyss below. Once more—but we missed  
them. We could see the working of the  
sailor's countenance as he struggled to re-  
tain his grasp—could see the blood trickle  
from between his fingers, that clasped the  
meshes of the buoy. "I can hold out no  
longer," was at last forced from him, as he  
was again borne back upon the receding  
wave; and we gave them up for lost.  
"God save us!" shouted another gallant  
fellow, as, grasping the mizen-brace, he  
sprang upon the side of the ship, and,  
watching his opportunity, leaped for the  
buoy. He gained it; in a moment he had  
passed the line around the exhausted sea-  
man—lashed them to the buoy—grasped  
it firmly himself, and shouted "Pull away,  
my hearties!" As the ship rolled again  
heavily to leeward, and a wave came climb-  
ing up her side, we drew them on board.  
There was a merry chorus to the singing of  
the storm, just then, my lad—a right mer-  
ry chorus! Never did a heartier hurra go  
up at the hour of victory, than at that mo-  
ment went up from the decks of the Mer-  
maid to the noble rescuers of Charles  
Stafford.

## SCENE II.

### THE SHIPWRECK OF A CALM.

And when the hours of rest  
Came, like a calm upon the mid sea brine,  
Hushing its billowy breast—  
The quiet of that moment, too, is there;  
It breathes of him who keeps  
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

—BYRON.

The noble old tar! I can see him now  
as he used to sit in front of his cottage, of  
a stillly afternoon, and watch the crafts as  
they plied upon the river before him. I  
can see him now: his few white locks; his  
bent form; his quick, restless eye; his  
noble, weather-beaten countenance; where  
the strife of many years had written the  
whole log-book of life: the sun of every  
climate had burned its hue—battle and  
storm, shipwreck and famine had left their  
records there.

It is one of the most quiet and pleasing  
pictures of the past, with us; that little  
white cottage by the river side, with its  
vine-clad walls, its thatched roof, its mossy  
well, its old wicket gate, its well-worn  
hearthstone, and the string that hung  
down by the corner; they are distinctly  
before the mind, as if it were but yester-  
day, we left them. We may not soon for-  
get our last visit to the old man of the cot-  
tage. It was a pleasant Spring morning,  
as we were leaving home for the first time,  
for a distant school. The carriage was at  
the door, and friends had gathered to say  
their last kind adieu; but we must needs  
go over and say good-bye to Man-of-war's  
John.

"Well," commenced the old tar, "you  
are going into the big world, my boy, and  
you will meet strange things there—things  
you have not dreamed of. And, mark me  
well; life is a rough and boisterous sea;  
many a noble bark goes down in storm and  
tempest—many a one is stranded upon  
hidden quicksands and unknown coasts;  
but the wofuldest of all, my lad, is the ship-  
wreck of the calm! Did you ever hear of  
such? Well, I will tell you of one.

"We were half way across the waters;  
it was high noon and a dead calm; the  
winds had all fallen asleep. There was no  
ripple upon the surface of the sea; it had  
no motion, save the easy swell it ever hath,  
which seems so like the gentle beatings  
of a sleeping monster. All around was  
still, and smooth, and glassy. Did you  
ever see the ocean in repose, my boy, with  
a clear, bright sky above, and a breathless  
air around? Then did you never feel the  
presence of the Great One as you may feel  
it. His voice is in the tempest, and he  
may give his power to the troubled deep;  
but his presence is only in the calm. They  
tell us of your majestic temples—with their  
long-drawn aisles and massive shafts—  
dimly lighted, and filled with half-hushed  
music; and they bid us think the solemn  
feeling of His presence may be there. It  
cannot be; 'tis all man—man! Every-  
thing speaks of him there. We cannot  
look down upon the altar stone but we see  
the impress of his chisel; or into the clear  
depth of the font, but there are the marks  
of his handiwork. But the ocean! (And  
here the old man would shake his few white  
locks, as, ever his own, when thoughts  
came up too big for utterance.) 'The ocean!  
the ocean! the ocean! Well, we were  
half-way across the waters, and it was high  
noon, when the cry arose on board the  
Queen Esther, 'Water in the hold! The  
ship is sinking! the ship is sinking!' Then  
came the confusion attending an  
alarm on ship-board. The man at the  
mast-head shot down to the deck, as if he  
had fallen from his station. The cabin-boy

let fall the captain's noon draught and  
sprang to the gangway. The steward,  
passing to the after-cabin, dropped his cap-  
on upon the deck and grasped his boiler.  
The sailors rushed from their mess boards  
and were at their posts before the boat-  
swain's call could bid them to it. Pumps  
were rigged and manned; hatches run off;  
stairways erected; buckets strapped and in  
motion; and before the Captain's mate  
could change his quid, or Jack (the mon-  
key) could mount into the rigging to laugh  
and chatter over the confusion of the hour,  
the water was pouring in torrents from  
every scupper of the ship. We toiled hard  
and long. The rough voice of our captain  
was ever cheering us to our task, but we  
heeded it not. 'Every man put forth his  
strength, till not a muscle was left inactive.'  
We toiled hard and long! 'Think of  
your homes, my lads,' cried our noble  
mate, as he dashed his trumpet to the  
deck, and sprang to take his turn at the  
pump—'think of your homes and to it  
valiantly!' We did then think of home,  
and friends, and thought the thought would  
bring the tear to eyes unused to weeping,  
it brought also a strength we had not  
known of. There was another who cheered  
us in the toils of that hour—a slight-  
formed girl. She was ever in our midst—  
at every post—at the side of every toiling  
sailor, lifting the refreshing draught to his  
lips, and whispering in his ear, 'do man-  
fully—do manfully.' And we did do man-  
fully! for there was not a tar who trod the  
decks of the Queen Esther but loved that  
girl as he did his patron saint. She was  
the good spirit of our ship; and her low,  
trembling voice could do more in that hour  
of danger than could the thought of death,  
or the stern commands of our officers. We  
did do manfully! toiled like men that  
have the grave before them, but in vain.  
The ship was sinking fast, and the rough  
voice of our captain was again heard  
'Avast and to the boats.' The davie-tackle  
fall went down of a run. The boats were  
aloft—along side—loaded—pushed off;  
and we lay upon our oars to see our gal-  
lant ship go down. But just as she was  
staggering, as if in a last struggle against  
her fate, the cry arose, 'Henry is in the  
after cabin!' I never may forget that  
cry. He was a young officer whom we all  
loved; he had been confined to his berth  
for a few days, and in the excitement of  
the hour had been forgotten. 'Henry is  
in the after cabin!' The captain in a mo-  
ment was upon the thwart of his boat, and  
his trumpet to his lips. 'He cannot be  
saved! The boat that approaches the sink-  
ing vessel is lost; he must go down with  
her!' 'Then I go with him!' shouted a  
gallant young sailor in one of the  
boats nearest the ship as he plunged  
into the sea. It was a moment of fearful  
anxiety. The captain yet stood with his  
trumpet suspended to his face, and motion-  
less. The sailors leaned over the gun-  
wail of their boats with their eyes intently  
fixed upon their noble comrade. He strug-  
gled manfully for the ship, but she was  
fast sinking. We could see her white  
streak, the gilt ribbon, and the black  
upper wale, each sinking gradually beneath  
the surface of the water, and the fore-  
chains were level with the sea when he  
leaped on board. He rushed for the after  
cabin, which luckily was above deck, and  
for a moment was lost to our view. It  
was as hush as the grave; not a word was  
spoken; not a breath was heard. Again he  
appeared, bearing the sick man in his  
arms. A low murmur of applause arose,  
but was soon hushed—the danger was yet  
too great. Again he plunged into the sea,  
bearing his burden skillfully upon his  
back—struck off for the boat—gained it—  
and was dragged on board just as our gal-  
lant Queen Esther, rolling heavily to lar-  
board, went down. A shout of applause  
arose to the noble tar, but was soon hushed  
beneath the oppressive sense of loneliness  
that at the moment came over us.

"I have seen great noble ships go down  
in storm and battle, but never saw I the  
like of that! a gallant craft, with every  
spar aloft, and sails all spread, sinking  
quietly to her grave of waters, without a  
tremor to raise a ripple at her side, or lift  
the pennant from her mast! It was a sad  
moment, and theirs were mourning hearts  
that waited at her funeral.

"But that girl, he continued, as he  
dashed a tear from his eye—she was the  
captain's daughter, and I must give you  
her story. But I could remain no longer.  
I grasped the hand of the old tar—received  
his 'God bless you, my boy,' and sped to  
my waiting friends. I never saw him after  
—peace to his ashes! I have many a time  
regretted that I waited not the close of  
the sailor's yarn, for, at musing hours, have I  
often wondered what could have been the  
fate of that lone girl upon the ocean. I  
have seen her at times, pale, faint and lan-  
guishing upon that still and glassy sea;  
again in the storm—her long hair flung out  
upon the gale, the soul of Dido in her  
noble eye, cheering the fainting mariners  
to their task. Often a more pleasing pic-  
ture has presented itself; and I have seen  
her in a far off cottage home, at a cheerful  
evening hearth, with a happy group around  
her, telling of the perils of the deep, and  
the ship that went down in the still ocean.  
But these are only dreams; I never could  
learn the fate of the sea-captain's daugh-  
ter.

## THE CHICAGO COURT-HOUSE BELL.

When Vicksburg surrendered to the  
Union army, the people of Chicago were  
so noisy in their demonstrations of delight  
as to break the bell that tolled the news  
of victory. A larger one was purchased,  
and continued to notify the citizens of  
victories in war, and fires at home. On  
Sunday evening, October 9th, 1871, the  
same old bell rung out the alarm of fire  
for the last time. It was the funeral knell  
of the doomed city. Two hundred and  
forty-four was the fatal number, and was  
called till the fiery column had crossed  
the river and vanished the business por-  
tion of the city in its destructive embrace.  
As the flames approached the Court-house,  
the number of the alarm was changed  
into the slow and solemn peal of a funeral.  
Long after the lofty dome had submitted  
to its fate, the faithful bell-man remained  
at his post, and the bell pealed forth in  
thunder tones the calamity of a nation.  
The raging torrent of flame finally drove  
him from his station, and the old "alarm-  
ist" was silenced forever. It fell with a  
crash that made the earth beneath it trem-  
ble, and remained buried in the ruins for  
nearly a week. As society became organ-  
ized, and the extent of ruin accurately  
measured, the desire to obtain some relic  
to keep in remembrance a disaster so great,  
became almost a monomania. The bell  
was dragged from its fiery bed, and scores  
of relic hunters, armed with every avail-  
able weapon began to chip fragments of  
metal from its sides. Those who succeed-  
ed in obtaining a piece, guarded it with  
the most jealous scruple, and upon apply-  
ing for a share in the success of an indi-  
vidual, the writer was refused with indig-  
nation.

C. S. Crane, Esq., of the Northwestern  
Manufacturing Company, finally took  
possession of the bell and held it until the  
municipal authorities took measures to  
dispose of it. The weight of this monster  
was something over five tons, and was sold  
at auction for the sum of \$4,500. The  
purchaser converted the larger part of the  
metal into miniature bells, and from their  
rapid sale must have realized a fortune.  
Many of the Chicago ladies considered  
their outfit incomplete unless a bell was  
suspended from the necklace, while the  
juvenile portion of the community were  
eagerly disgusted because the piece was  
beyond their reach. The remains of the  
bell are scattered over Christendom, and  
the Court-house, in whose tower it had so  
long discharged the duty of a faithful  
sentinel, remains a "ghostly wreck in ruin-  
ous perfection." But another year will  
mark a change, and the people of Chicago  
will behold a greater, more substantial  
the tones of another and a larger bell.

## INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.

### MR. LAI SUN.

Twenty-five years ago Chan Lai Sun, a  
young Chinese, came to our town with  
Rev. Dr. Morrison, who returned from  
India with his motherless children to the  
home of his first wife. They excited much  
interest and sympathy. The children  
were soon removed to their father's rela-  
tives in Michigan. One of the sons pur-  
sued a course of study for the ministry at  
Princeton, and returned to Northern  
Indiana, to be associated with his father.

Lai Sun chose to remain in this country,  
that he might receive a Christian educa-  
tion.

Dr. Ward's family kindly gave him a  
home for such assistance as he could render  
out of school hours.

Mr. Russell, then principal of the  
academy, received him into his school, and  
assisted him in his preparatory studies.

He was a docile pupil, and soon became  
acquainted with our language, of which he  
previously had some knowledge. Mr.  
Morrison had also instructed him in the  
truths of the Bible.

Everything interested him in which our  
young people were engaged. There was  
a concert of music, in which the children  
and youth sang and recited pieces. They  
were instructed by their pastor, and the  
concert was given for the benefit of the  
S. S. Library. Lai Sun took part with  
the rest, and in broken English recited the  
hymns, beginning—  
"Yes, my native land, I love thee."  
His mind became interested in the sub-  
ject of religion, and he gave evidences of  
piety. After a suitable time he united  
with the Presbyterian Church under the  
ministry of Rev. E. Seymour.

## his own land who had been educated in

one of the missionary schools.  
Our missionary, the Rev. Caleb C. Bald-  
win, made his acquaintance and that of his  
family, and described them as interesting  
and intelligent. At that time he said he  
intended having his children educated in  
England or America.

At one time Captain Peel, now deceased,  
found our friend in Bangkok, Siam. He  
was attracted by hearing a melodeon beau-  
tifully played. This led to an introduction  
and a mutual surprise when each learned  
from the other that they had friends in  
far-away Bloomfield.

Mr. Russell has recently received a  
letter from Mr. Lai Sun, dated Springfield,  
Mass. He writes that he has come to  
America to bring a number of Chinese  
youth who wish to be educated. After  
locating them in suitable schools, ninety  
more will be sent in companies of thirty.

His family are with him, and he hopes  
soon to visit Bloomfield, that he may re-  
new the pleasant associations of his youth.

BRANCH STREET.  
Since writing the above, the following  
item was observed in the New York Obser-  
ver of Nov. 7th:

Chan Lai Sun, the Chinese Imperial  
Commissioner, together with his wife,  
joined the South Congregational Church in  
Springfield, Mass., on Sunday last.

## THE WOMAN QUESTION.

### FROM A MAN'S STAND-POINT.

Messrs. Editors: Your fair (or rather  
unfair) correspondent, writing under the  
above caption, in your issue of November  
2d, will no doubt be pleased to hear the  
views of one of the opposite sex in regard  
to the much-worn and seemingly little  
understood subject of "Woman's Rights,"  
and which subject her communication de-  
fends. It is certainly understood that  
"the masculine mind" is composed (as is  
indicated by the writer) of several degrees  
of intellectuality and refinement, and that  
according to the education, life and cir-  
cumstances under which the person in any  
of the above degrees (who is called upon  
to judge the question before us) is placed,  
will the verdict be rendered. I know not  
to which class of men our correspondent  
has reference, but suppose a general view  
is taken of the oppression of woman.  
Those whose minds have been illuminated  
by the light and love of the Gospel (in the  
words of our correspondent) and whose  
moral vision has been purged to receive  
the truth in the love of it, are never found  
in any way oppressing the opposite sex  
either in business, socially, intellectually,  
or religiously. There may be "wolves  
among sheep" in the social and religious  
life of any community who will raise ques-  
tions and disturbances that will turn the  
life of some woman to drudgery or her  
happiness into mourning. For such our  
sister's missionary spirit and prayers are  
earnestly solicited. Seek to let them have  
the true light. Again the class of men who  
neither care for nor think of the great  
Rule, "Do unto others as you would be  
done by," and who have no regard for the  
religion of Jesus Christ (will be admitted)  
as the oppressors of woman, mostly in the  
sphere of employer and employed, for such  
persons are in their families generally care-  
ful and observant of the welfare of their  
immediate connections. For such the  
remedy would be to withdraw that labor  
upon which their success depends and the  
sustaining and upholding of such labor, in  
the act, by those who (before stated) have  
the true understanding of the question.

The third class of men to whom can be  
laid the charge, are the ignorant, common  
class who have never had the chances of  
education and who are rather to be pitied  
than blamed, whose minds are, from want  
of proper development socially and reli-  
giously, cramped and prejudiced, and who  
are in their families more the tyrant than  
the protector, and by whose morbid intel-  
lect the "Almighty Dollar" is placed in  
the balance with the lives and happiness  
of those connected with them. This mis-  
sionary spirit and prayers are again called  
for with this class. Let our sister, and  
all those who are loud, severe and unjust  
in laying at the doors of men in general  
the above-named charge, look at the sub-  
ject in this light. Work with us who see  
daily the origin of woman's wrongs; work  
to right said wrongs, and scatter that  
knowledge and light which has been so  
happily afforded us among those who now  
grope in the darkness of that subject. But  
is man all to blame? Ah, we come to a  
point where the question arises, Is not wo-  
man human as well as man? Is she not  
endowed with those passions and subject  
to the railings of a defective social educa-  
tion, and the wrong influence of early soci-  
ety? We are compelled to say "Even so."  
And when these passions, be what they  
may, are aroused, she, from her constituted  
nature, is even worse than man. Are  
there not in our age many women who have  
no idea of the true sphere of woman, who  
are longing, as the saying is, "to rough  
it," to fight the world single-handed and  
complete with their brethren in those voca-  
tions that have ever been conceded to man  
alone, and who look on their sisters, whose  
natures are more refined and who have this  
light and true knowledge of "Woman's

Rights," with contempt, and say, "The  
man that marries one of them has done an  
act of Christian charity which entitles him  
to the kindly applause of mankind." To  
such I would say, Read ancient history;  
see the idea the Spartan mother's had of  
"Woman's Rights." I, for one, cannot  
see that woman is intentionally oppressed.  
We are now talking of the present age of  
those with whom we are brought in con-  
tact, not the wrongs of heathenism or of  
Mormonism. But I must say, for one, I  
think if our fair friend had seen more of  
the world, she would not lay the blame to  
man alone, but seek to alleviate the wrongs  
where they really exist, and diffuse the  
knowledge of true woman's rights among  
her sterner sisters.

K.

## A Word to the Wise is Sufficient.

CARE OF HORSES.—A celebrated writer  
says: "All horses must not be fed in the  
same proportions, without regard to their  
ages, their constitutions, and their work,  
because the impropriety of such a practice  
is self-evident. Yet it is constantly done,  
and it is the basis of diseases of every  
kind."

"Never use bad hay on account of its  
cheapness, because there is no proper  
nourishment in it."  
"Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious,  
because it brings on inflammation of the  
bowels and skin diseases."  
"Chaff is better for old horses than hay,  
because they can chew and digest it better."  
"Mix chaff with corn or beans, and do  
not give the latter alone, because it will  
make the horse chew his food more and  
digest it better."

"Hay or grass alone will not support a  
horse under hard work, because there is  
not sufficient nutritive body in either."

"When a horse is not worked hard, its  
food should chiefly be hay, because such  
supply more nourishment and flesh-making  
material than any other kind of food; hay  
not so much."  
"As a rule, the curry-comb is used too  
much and the brush too little. When a  
horse is brought into the stable covered  
with sweat and mud, he should be rubbed  
dry with straw. The next morning, with  
a curry-comb in one hand and a good  
brush in the other, he can be thoroughly  
cleaned, the curry-comb only being used  
to straighten the hairs ahead of the brush.  
The difficulty about getting a good curry-  
comb arises from the neglect to rub the  
horse clean with straw before leaving him  
for the night. Much care should be used  
in cleaning a horse's legs with a curry-  
comb, so as not to injure the joints."

THEY READ BUT DON'T PAY.—"It is not  
unfrequently occurs, when persons are  
asked if they will subscribe for a local  
newspaper, or if they already take it, that  
they reply—'No, but neighbor B. takes it,  
and I have the reading of it free of cost.'  
They are benefited every week by the tolls,  
perplexities, and expenditures of those  
who receive nothing from them in return."

The above truth, clipped from an ex-  
change, should be copied and re-copied in  
every country paper, until the trouble is  
shaken. The number of a newspaper, de-  
pending, as he does in a measure, upon  
his subscription list for support, naturally  
expects each family who desire to read his  
paper to subscribe for it, if they can afford  
it. Subscribers themselves, as well as  
publishers, find the newspaper becomes a  
first-class necessity for the office borrows  
it as the owner is about to read it, retains  
it at certain times when he misses it, and  
too often, if he returns it at all, the paper  
is in such a condition that no one of nice  
sensibilities would care to read it. We  
would suggest that in towns where the  
newspaper has been long a failure, the pub-  
lisher print, when requested, or stamp in  
large letters above the heading, "Sub-  
scribers not permitted to lend this paper."  
Or, "This edition not for borrowers." The  
idea would take with subscribers, and  
prove a gentle hint to the meanness of all  
misery-makers.

## Trees on the Roadside.

Formerly all the great routes leading to  
Paris were lined, in the vicinity of the city  
at least, with avenues of trees. The war  
and a fatal disease which, some years ago,  
devastated timber in the district, made  
very serious gaps. The tree sickness has  
been especially apparent on the road to  
Vincennes, Versailles, and what was for-  
merly known as the Italian Wood. Many  
of these trees were centuries old. Although  
Charles de Gaulle was, after the Romans,  
the first French road constructor, the sys-  
tematic organization and repair of these roads  
dates from Philip Augustus, and the first  
regular plantations along them from the  
reign of Henry IV. Trees are now to be  
planted again. The example of France,  
in this respect, might be followed with  
much advantage here. Who has not ad-  
mired the broad, avenue formed by mag-